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Berkeley X (aka Xander Berkeley)

The X-Man of Berkeley Berk, rad chilly chap
zinging and zanging a tasty brink, awesome burgers gust
vegan and zippy and the lovely ol' Xander buns and
I of course think about gorgeous "X-Deity" man in
always soapy luxuriant beard artistic superiority, sometimes Berkeley
Berk Panama hats or a Jazz flap thing and gallus sweet shoes, for
his dancing pure, ever so joy-cool gallant.
Scotland
rubbed his Xander DNA and
possibly his palette supernova canvas stuff, genius colors
and Homo sapiens "googly shapes people" made from
starlight Berkeley memory
— and long spicy dinners with various things, sometimes
his brilliant Cornish Inn, sometimes on boulevards peppered with zowwie
beauty and cuckoo bottles of stuff a real few can name…because wow, pronunciation, right?
And the Berkeley X, eyes enthralled in his expression-streaky technical glow of paint
and stage and sculpture and sometimes boots and things, a
brush or six in supply forest shelf, waiting for hand Berkeley art and
theatre or studio or midnight comedy kitchen red-iron grill with cinnamon
and batter hitting flame here and there, yes art and science and
garden of wisdom in life collection of Xander roles and schemes that
millions or billions will talk wide about at
maybe a *Green Elephant* charm near über-froth Atlantic while X-Man legends build
funny verbal things, from big sparkly sharp knife stuck like a spear, T-1000
through milky paper box via
90s Jim Cameron on sunny kinda LA Valley day.
Okay, where was I...?